

NEW JERSEY

"AFTER HOURS"

The Weekly Guide to Entertainment

Jan. 18

1950

15¢



After Hours

NEW OFFICE

105 BROAD ST., NEWARK, N. J.
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By Tiny Prince

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"AFTER HOURS"

The Weekly Guide To Entertainment

HU. 2-2149

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My Greatest Night Life Thrill

By LOUIS GEORGE, author of "The Road by the River"

One of the greatest night life thrills took place not only for myself but for many others at the Tweedsmen formal the recent holiday season. I went to this dance quite early and found the place almost deserted. Joseph B. Judkins, Jr. was on the door and the other members downstairs examining lists of table reservations. Pancho Diggs band had not started to play. The hall remained this way for some time, with only occasional groups filtering in. It was raining sheets outside.

But about 12:15 I walked up to the entrance and now they were coming in like mad. I counted over a hundred pretty girls standing under the Mosque foyer waiting for their men who where parking cars. In less than half an hour the most brilliant younger crowd of the season had flown into the hall. One minute there was but a handful there and the next moment you had to fight your way through the throng. There were folks there from as far as Pittsburgh and all parts of the east. There were hundreds of new, young faces in that gathering.

But my greatest thrill that night was out in the rain as the dance let out. It seemed there were hundreds of girls standing under the marquee, again waiting for their men. The brilliant colors of their gowns behind the slashing rain was a picture I'll never forget.

On The Cover

MISS DOROTHY WHITTLE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Whittle of 44 Princeton Street, East Orange is an East Orange High graduate, lover of music and her hobby is bowling.

INSIDE STORY

By BUTLER WEBB

The Holiday bout between Al Graham and Teddy Powell saw the latter have all the luck. Buddy Johnson drew about 1200 to Laurel Gardens for Powell but Dizzy Gillespie drew only 400 for Graham at the Masonic. the way it happened was that Graham first sought Buddy for his New Year's Eve dance but Buddy was booked that night in a New York club. Graham then booked Dizzy. then a short time later, when it was too late for Graham to change, the New York club cancelled the Buddy booking and Buddy was free New Years eve. This played right into Teddy Powell's hands and he booked him into the Garden. Buddy, by the way, refused to have a separate picture made of the two Newark boys in his band. "all the boys or none," he demanded.

Larry Stalks, the young Democratic leader, is recuperating at her home. watch for the triple battle next spring among Democrats in the third ward. Charles Matthews may have double competition: H. Dudley Rucker and Silas Hogan may both run against him. Irvine Turner's Democratic club will soon open on West Kinney Stret. Sarah Vaughn again in town New Years Eve. we counted five big formals the holiday season. Among guests at the After Hour Magazine party at the Owl Club the 30th were: Alice Richards, Dorothy Moss, Hat-

tie Myricks, Bryan Quinn, Beverly Bradley Jimmie Pitts, Wellington Davis, Evelyn Brower, Mabel Fields, Vera Foster, De-lores Evelyn, Ernestine Goldstone, Calvin Morrison, Hayward Van Wood, Malcolm Boyd, Norman Green, Solly Carroll, Melanee Jones, Minnie Williams, Dorothy Verleyne Davis, Laura Lipscombe, Lenwood Davis, Tiny Prince, Bob Franklin, John T. Wilson, Bob Peale, John Landrum, Pearl Kline, Dorothy Rowe, Willie Smith, Tommy Hunt, Mike Flanagan, Lenah Fulks, Connie Williams Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Van Dyke.

Elizabeth Mitchell, third ward political figure, is very ill at Presbyterian Hospital. everybody is discussing Jimmie Fultz' odd Christmas cards. the naughty pictures of socialites sold at \$3.50 a set last spring netted certain parties quite a roll. The five board members of A. H. Inc., are Webber, Madison, Webber, Brinson and Bradley. Albert E. Hart, author of the serial "Spruce Street" is ailing. The "T" Bar on Market Street started an all sepian floor show last week with Gracie Smith starred. Fashion Editor Rebecca Newby was ill last week.

A fine Xmas party was that given by Dorothy Fulford, president of La Femmes, at 141 Monmouth Street. speaking of covers: Rozelle Reed of 408 Hunterdon. beauty culture student, may be one. Willie Nelson, trumpet and Joe O'Laughlin, sax are Newark members of Buddy Johnson's ork. Lucy Briggs entertained at big New Years' Eve party at 98 Sussex. Billie Smith, the interpretive dancer had a brilliant run at Piccadilly. Clarence Price of the U. S. Army is home from



TRENTON BEAUTY, is MISS BETTY FITZGERALD of 75 Ward Ave., Trenton whose ambition is to become a model and whose hobbies are the legitimate shows in New York and Philly and all athletic games.

The Inside Story

Korea... it seems the super-exclusive holiday party for 12 was at the Grimsley residence on Oraton.

Add Parties. the William Richardsons and Arthur Brookins of New York, the Charles Rayfords and son of Summit, the Frank Dillards of Hackensack, the Fitzhughs Johnsons of Lodi, Ida and Alvin Barnhill, Teddy Powell, Bobby Peale, Jimmy Fultz, Kay Nesbitt, Ethel Sibley and William Patterson all feted at Jammie and Teresa Ross open house party, January 2. Mrs. Ross wore kelly green lounging attire with black satin slacks.

Brave and Kay Nesbitt entertained at a New Years party which drew Ruth E. Hall, Sim DeBarry, the Leon Saunders the Dorland Hendersons, the C. Whites, H. Fletchers, H. T. Johnsons, R. Skinners W. D. Rice, Albion Smith, the Harold Sessions. Bernice Jones, Henry J. Walden, J. Otto Hiss, the Albert T. Ellises, the

Sam Skinners, the James Rosses, Ethel Bracy, the Kirk Marrows, Ida Barnhill, the Burnett Davises, the E. H. Pagues, the James E. Halseys, the A. T. Johnsons, the Carter Saunders, Grace Hopkins, the Arthur Brookins, Joseph J. Kent, Martha Brent.

Also Adelle M. Brown, Florence Pollard Roberta L. Mausin, Helen Burton, the Carlton B. Norrises, the Archie Thompsons, the Charles L. Wallaces, the Joseph Pumeys hostesses included Mary Nesbitt, Carrie Nesbitt, Theresa Ross, Ida Barnhill, Carolyn Nesbitt.

On a Number 5 bus New Years eve we encountered Joyce White and Mr. Irby, Al Madison and Lillian Berry Saunders and fotog Fred Barnes, all bound on different missions. Samuel Hawks of 29 Bedford Street, who was to have been in the Best Dressed Men series died Xmas day at City Hospital. La Tanya's fashion show in N. Y. featured such celebrated models as Ruby Dallas, girl friend of Joe Louis, and was emceed by Monte Hawley, the movie man.

King of Arlington

(What has happened:) Blackjack King, stranger to Newark, slays The Lamp-lighter, a minister turned killer to avenge his daughter, Augustine's, lovers. King and Augustine fall for each other but Augustine is wounded in the gun battle in which her father is slain. Recuperating at City Hospital Augustine is almost recovered and will marry Blackjaack soon, but Blackjack, meanwhile, meets Samara, a dark sensuous daughter of an old Newark lawyer and their love affair eclipses that of Augustine's. Blackjack leaves Samara's house on Wickliffe Street one night and stops at Kinney Hall bar only to learn that Augustine has heard of his duplicity, has managed to escape City Hospital and also learns that Federal men are on his trail for his recent activity in the drug racket)

CHAPTER V

By BUTLER WEBB

Like the cornered animal, Blackjack King was highly sensitive when the chips were down. Instead of rushing out of the Kinney Hall bar when the Fat Woman had told him of Augustine's escape plus the fact that feds were on his trail, he merely ordered another drink, this time brandy. He meanwhile plotted a solution to his dilemma. The first thing was to find Augustine.

With no show of nervousness he casual-

ly walked out into the street, which was somewhat deserted tonight on account of the rain. He entered the Stutz car he had parked at the curb after cranking it up in the front. The car made a lot of racket this time of the night, but he was soon steering it out Arlington, up William and across town toward the Hospital on Fairmount Avenue. He parked the car and entered the Hospital. In the office an assistant medical officer heard his questions.

"She just walked out," the officer said. "After all she was not under guard. She really should have been discharged yesterday, but we are so busy here. I understand she received a letter and this upset her very much. How she got her clothes, dressed and walked out right through this door is a matter we are investigating. She seemed to have plenty of cash while here and tipped attendants which is not supposed to be done."

"Did anyone talk to her before she left?" King asked.

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LENA PARKER of 189 Warren Street is interested in all sports and often models in fashion shows.

King of Arlington

(Continued from page 6)

"A patient in the same ward says she received this letter and was highly agitated. The patient says she never saw her so aroused. The patient says, although she must have still been weak, she fought any weakness to get her clothes together and get out of the place. The patient says she never thought to ring for a nurse."

"But did this patient hear anything about where she was going?" Blackjack persisted.

"The patient said the girl kept saying some word to herself, as if whispering it. The word sounded like 'mountain' - - no, that wasn't it. It was something about a cliff - -"

Blackjack pondered this revelation and suddenly he was thanking the officer and rushing away.

"But mister," the officer said. "We'd like to know - -"

But Blackjack was gone out the door now. He was talking to himself as he raced for his car, talking to himself like Augustine had.

"Cliff," he told himself. "It could mean nothing but Wickliffe Street."

Blackjack started up the noisy car again and steered it down the Hill into

Bank Street. In no time he was parked before Samara's house at 130 Wickliffe. He saw a light in Samara's living room, even at this late hour. He pounded on the door but there was no answer. He pushed the door open and strode into the hall and entered the living room.

A gruesome scene greeted him.

Augustine, her gray eyes blazing hate, her body tigerish in its ferocity, her features wreathed in rage held her gleaming knife in her hand. But the blade was useless.

The tall and strong Samara held Augustine's hands in grips of steel. The dark girl was even smiling and her teeth flashed like priceless pearls in the gaslight. Her smile was not the glee of victory but the confidence of superiority.

"You black bitch," Augustine cried at Samara.

Samara twisted one of Augustine's hands and the knife fell onto the heavy carpet. She still held the girl for a moment, then loosened her. Freed, Augustine tried to claw Samara's face but it was useless. The tall girl moved one hand and weakened Augustine fell down under the impact of the Samara's slap.

But in her fall Augustine had come near where the knife lay and she had recovered it in a twinkling. But even that was no use.

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King of Arlington

(Continued from page 7)

Blackjack King stood over her now reached down and pulled her up to him. In her rage she started to swing the knife toward him but he easily took it from her. She was weakening so fast that Blackjack held on to her.

Then suddenly she had fainted as he held her. He lifted her over to the couch. All this time Samara's black eyes were glittering toward him. Samara was like some powerful animal of supreme grace as she stood her ground. The picture of hatred of Augustine and possession of King that was refected in her eyes now was something to see.

Samara wore only a robe over her nightgown. It was evident that Augustine has found her just before she retired. Samara's hair was still done up on top of her head despite the struggle not a strand was out of place. She watched Blackjack move the girl to the sofa.

Then she said: "Get her out of here."

Blackjack turned to her. He walked across the room and faced her. Even in this crisis her mad love for King exhibited itself. Unconsciously she held out her arms as if to pull him close to her. But he ignored this demand.

He slapped her a cruel blow on the face. It made her wince and her poise was gone. Now one of her hands had gone to the cheek where he had struck her. Before she had time to react he had slapped her other cheek. The impact from the powerful hands of Blackjack made her stagger, then fall back against a chair.

"Blackjack," she cried wildly.

Blackjack had whirled around now

and gone to the couch where he picked up Augustine bodily. Without even looking back he marched out into the hall with her and set her up in the seat of his car.

Behind him Samara now appeared in the doorway. Her voice was wild with passion now.

"Blackjack," she cried. "What are you doing?"

He ignored her as he cranked the car, then started to climb into the driver's seat. But she was now reaching for him, seizing him to hold him back.

"Blackjack," she said, now more quietly. For her outburst and the noisy starting of the car had caused windows to be raised on sedate Wickliffa Street.

Blackjack turned toward her:

"What?" he finally asked.

"Blackjack don't leave me," she pleaded.

He looked down at her one minute. Even in his anger he could not help but admire her wild dark beauty. The dressing gown had slipped somewhat and her big nubian breasts were easily visible. Blackjack turned his head away and climbed into the car.

"Go to Hell," he shouted at her and was gone.

Samara standing there began to sob, deeply. But she heard another car coming and looked up the street. It was her father's car. She hurried back into the house, hoping her father had not seen her.

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King of Arlington

(Continued from page 9)

Blackjack was taking Augustine home. But now his second problem faced him. His house on Arlington Street was being watched. Augustine was ill on his hands. He really should get out of town and hide for a while, but he had to take Augustine somewhere.

He drove down Augusta and Nicholson and parked the car. He took off his coat and laid it about Augustine. Then he slipped out the car and started through a little field that led toward Arlington. He had experimented early and found this field path would lead him into the rear of his house.

There was a light in his kitchen and he tapped on the door. At first there was no response. Presently, however, the door opened a little and the Fat Woman was there.

She motioned him to silence but he beckoned her to the porch. The rain had ceased by now.

"Did you find her?" the woman asked.

"She's in the car up at the corner, but she fainted. Can you get her in this way? I'll help you."

"There are feds waiting in front," the woman said.

"I'll take the chance," said Blackjack King.

They hurried through the field toward the parked car. Blackjack lifted Augustine to the street, then took her

in his arms and carried her back toward the house. The fat woman walked beside and rubbed Augustine's head and hands. Once they heard Augustine groan.

At the back porch Blackjack left. The Fat Woman was now able to manage the girl and, besides, she was recovering. Blackjack kissed the unconscious girl on her lips before the Fat Woman bore her into the house. Then he moved silently away from the house.

Not silent enough, however.

He heard other footsteps coming from the front of the house. He saw the gleam of guns.

"Hey, there," a voice shouted. "Stand where you are, in the name of the law."

(Continued next week)

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Gives Holiday Party

The younger set of Newark Summit Bordentown, Montclair attended the holiday party given by Jean Melvin, 14, at her father's home, 621 First St. The party was featured by an elaborate cuisine and the many guests enjoyed dancing and games during the evening.

In above picture are Johnnie Speligh, Edward White, Diana Davis, Janet Jeffries, Charles Mill, Frank Buni, Dave White, Adrienne Pyatt, Marion Brown, Jack Davis, Allen Davis, Lucille Goines, George White, Julius Dillingham and others gathered around the young hostess.

In adjacent picture Jean is shown with her dog, Flash. She is a student at Summit, N. J. High School.



Phantom Killer of Baxter Terrace

By BOB QUEEN

Somewhere today, a man, or a woman is living within the confines of society, working, eating or playing with the bloody aura of murder hovering over his, or her head.

Whoever this human monster might be who in October of 1947 viciously murdered beautiful Mrs. Evelyn Eltoohey in her apartment No. 2C, 139 James St. Newark, N. J., in mid-afternoon, he has so far escaped the long arm of the law that still reaches out in avengement.

The tenants of Baxter Terrace, now two years later, remain wrapped in fear, for they well remember too, that the slaying of the attractive housewife, was the second time violent death had struck at the same ill-fated apartment 2C. And they can't forget that this murder, that of five-year-old Rochai Sanders whose burned and sexually violated body was found in the incinerator of No. 137, is likewise unsolved.

It was exactly 26 months and three days before the Eltoohey slaying that little Rochai vanished from her parent's home at 139 2C, with only a tiny shoe left to identify her charred remains some 48 hours later.

At the Eltoohey slaying investigation, detective George Meagher of the Essex

County Prosecutor's Detective bureau, homicide division, quickly dispersed any ideas that the slayer of 1945 had struck again. But the tenants of Newark's largest housing project named after James A. Baxter, the city's first and only colored school principal, are not sure. Although Detective Captain Joseph Cocozza promised at the time of the 1947 murder that "We will remain constantly on the job until the guilty person is nailed", the tenants live day and night in a state of malignant anticipation of tragedy.

It was on a hot and clear afternoon of August 5, 1945, when the serenity of Baxter Terrace was first broken. A score of youngsters were playing and laughing gayly in the courtyard of James St. A few mothers chatted on the benches as they kept a watchful eye on the children scampering about. It wasn't difficult for one to slip away unnoticed. No one had noticed that little Rochai was not in the crowd, which was not alarming, for she may have gone into her apartment.

No dread of the probable or improbable descended on the neighborly group of mothers until Mrs. Lillian Sanders, a school teacher, called for her daughter. A fruitless search of the other courtyards within the sprawling project and other apartments, spread to the surrounding neighborhood. Nightfall came and an anquished mother and father walked the

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'49 BEST DRESSED WOMEN

By TINY PRINCE

MODENA B. DAVIS, 23, is a Branford, J. T. Barnes model and Vogue model, owns and drives her own car, aspires to open a new and entirely different shop, is famed hostess with her husband Wallace Davis. She was chosen in our list because her apparel is always selected and timed for the occasion, her hairdos are fratty and fresh, she was one of the first to adopt short hairdos and suggest them to others. She prefers gay colors and dancing is her favorite pastime. Al Henderson Foto.

Music Master

By BEVERLY BRADLEY

The New School for Modern Music presented its annual Xmas Program at Ukrainian Hall, to a most appreciative audience, featuring a 26 piece all-reed band; a vocal choir of 40 voices and the school orchestra. Many of Newark's popular musicians, as school members, participated, among whom were: Earl Watson, tenor saxist with the Dave McDuff orch., currently at the Palace Blue Room; "Baltimore Red" alto saxist of the Hi Spot; James Mumford, trombonist; Lloyd Turner, drummer; Billy Anderson, Bassist and vocalist Charles Dingus.

Lloyd Turner drum solo'd Buddy Rich's "Quiet Please" and Earl Watson tenored "Disc Jockey Jump" and his own arrangement on "Flying Home". Winston Melvin, classical pianist beautifully played "Clair De Lune" and "Piano Portrait" accompanied by the choir. The choir showed off to advantage on the Xmas Carols, so choice. James Jackson, trombonist pupil of the well known Mohammed Sadig (previously "Scottie") displayed his technique on "Danny Boy". After the program the school orchestra provided music for dancing.

The Earl Baker combo to head for the Orchid Club in Scranton, Pa. after their stint at the Kinney Club where they're now appearing. Earl's group consists of Kinney Richards, drums; Dick Harvest, Bass; June Cole, piano; Luther "Gate" Willis, trumpet and Baker tenor sax-leader. "Gate" Willis is a former Tiny Bradshaw sideman and also played with Merman Bradley. Gate started out with

the intention of becoming a doctor but due to financial difficulties entered the music field, as so many of us did. He is not new to the Newark scene, as he played at Pat and Don's, before it became the Downbeat. As an arranger he wrote for Pancho Diggs, Mandy Ross and Bobby Jarrett orchestra and has a few original tunes he has composed one, "I'm So In Love With You," with lyrics by Billy Ford, that they expect to click.

Danny Washington, vocalist formerly at the Casablanca and Kinney Club is currently with Billy Ford at the Downbeat. Danny, well known and liked among the young set, began his professional career at Joe's Tavern in North Newark and sang for many Boys Club Parties and other civic functions. He is due to audition for Arthur Godfrey show where he'll have a chance to really reach for the stars. Lloyd Thompson is interceding to have Danny cut some sides for Savoy Records.

Little Abner, the drummer, sending off the little girls at the Howard Bar by singing "All My Love Belongs To You" Abner to be in action soon with a fine new drum set.

Bill Roberts, long time bartender at Lloyd's Looking great behind the stick altho being the victim of an almost-hold-up a few hours earlier.

Billy Harris, head of the Super 5 at the Lyric Bar, was pushed onto the local scene when Larry Ringold, the alto saxman - now deceased, gave him his start

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FORGET ME NOTS

By the OLD TIMER

The way the Philly youngsters used to burn up the Pike to the shore....those interesting epitaphs on the ancient grave-stones in Lawnside Cemetery.... the mad gaiety of the Lawnside dances. The tavern in Mt. Holly where the finest mixed drinks are served....and the romantic angles along the canal in Trenton. Years ago when the national tennis meets were held at Bordentown....the years when Edgar G. Brown was the champ and made his long beard famous. The campus was orderly enough but the mad parties down the road after the matches will never be matched again.

The risks we used to take to reach the girlie, including the long walk back home after the trolleys had ceased for the night.... sometimes it was worth it....the Jersey Guard summer encampments at Sea Girt and how the liquor used to flow. When it was nothing to go to dances in Trenton, Camden, Asbury or Atlantic almost any night even though we lived in Newark....that rot-gut liquor we drank during Prohibition, burying it in neutralizing mixtures. The grand summer dances at Harlem-on-the-Hudson and those week-end trips to New

York of old when the tubes were located on Park Place. The Jersey City parties....

The egg nog served in the old family houses, served from great silver bowls....the Christmas times the girl or the boy friend returned home for the holidays....and ye old time dances when everyone carried a little dance program and the belle of the evening had her's filled even before she got in the hall. Sleighbells along High St. in the horse and buggy days.... and the derby at which we note is returning to the scene. The years the Guardsmen's dances in New York ruled even the Jersey holiday season: none for two years now. When Adam Powell wore a shaggy coat as he strolled down Seventh Ave. with the girl who became wife number 1.

The dance so long ago when Benjamin O. Davis, the aviation man, swooned the girls down at Shady Rest; he was a West Pointer then....the old battles in Pride of Newark Lodge of elks and how they stirred the town. The girl at the nearby desk in the High school classroom that we should have married later.. all the New Years days of the past years when we wrote out the new resolutions.

S T Y L E

By ENEA-WATSON

"Baby needs a new pair of shoes."

That's a cry from the heart of every pavement pounder but sometimes it's only the initial yipe. The real agony comes later when the new pair either don't fit or don't look the way Struttin' Sally thought they would when she wheedled her way into them.

Nowadays when a good pair of shoes costs anywhere from \$10 to \$50 cool, crisp simoleons, it's more than ever important to give every consideration to the style and fit of a new pair of shoes. First and foremost, no matter what style you choose, make sure of the fit. The most glamorous pair of hand-made brogans are little use to a girl's appearance if she limps around like a crippled camel in them. If your feet are size tens, honey, that's the way Nature meant them to be and chances are they go far better with the rest of you than the neat fours you admire so much on Cousin Carrie.

Shoes should be simple in line—above all for the larger foot. Closed toes and heels are

definitely smarter this year and a better buy for year-round value. The open toe and sling heel model are, however, easier to fit. For this reason (and the saving in workmanship), the open-toed model and the sling are great favorites with the manufacturers. But a better buy is the conservative closed-toe and-heel number.

Height of heel is another point to be considered seriously. Best rule is to wear the heel most comfortable - - and never mind the style. If very high heels leave you wobbling on the sidelines after an hour or so, keep away from them. Now that the medium heel has been glamorized away from the severe "Cuban" line into a number of interesting shapes, it can be just as dressy as the highest heel in the shop. At the other end of the heel subject, any girl who has spent an entire day in flats knows how uncomfortable they can become.

Platform soles are OUT. And we do mean out. They have had their day, sadly enough, and now even the one woman in 100 to whom they are becoming, should stay away from them. Too many women looked deformed in this style.

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People's Choice

By JIMMIE PITTS

Now that the holidays are over we can settle down and get ready for the Bunny, while the big time taverns take the gas pipe....Xmas was great but fires brought tragedy to some families. Judge Walker was one of the fire heroes for he carried his family to safety....now we can see the need of new housing projects....

Ike Quebec made dance late for Powell Enterprises....Louis Pitts now serving hot platters at the club....Musical Belles back at Piccadilly Club by popular demand....Xmas was really Xmas for Redden Jackson Glad to learn Larry West on the road to recovery..Savoy Shorty, Billy Edwards and V. Clark opened New Years Eve at Three Deuces....Who was the lovely Mike Flanigan with at the Tweedsmen?

Robert Hill, Va. State playboy was the life of the party New Years Monday....Monte Irvin and the Missus enjoyed their holiday visiting the Owl Club....Connie Jeffries among the missing....Abe Fisher, waiter at Little Johnnies has a crush on a certain Miss....for a fine time attend Exclusive Arcadians' next affair....the Sweethearts of the Oranges planning a winter affair.

Russel Jones the meat biggie and sister Dorothy of Howard had a fine time at the Pic....Artie bartender at Pic doing nicely in City Hospital. Queen of High School contest to begin in February. The Dawkins family of Vanderpool Street gave the Holiday party of the year with no limit on food and drinks.... the Peoples Choice for the week is Miss Dorothy Whittle of East Orange....Billy Edwards heart still lies in Flatbush....Barbara Plater, songbird of the year.... Dave P. Barnhill doing nicely in Verona Hospital.

Grand Calypso Rhumba Dance

Sun. January 22, 1950

7 P. M. to 12 A. M.

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Al Madison



Brown-eyed Rozelle Reid of 408 Hunterdon Street, Newark is busy these days studying hair styling at the Scott school. She is one of six pretty sisters and has three brothers.

Tiny Prince Spiels

MUSICIAN OF YEAR CONTEST - After Hours Magazine will present the 1949, 1st place gold, 2nd place silver, and 3rd place bronze to entertainers and musicians winners....It's a date Monday nite, Jan. 16th, 1950 at Club Downbeat....The last vote will be counted Jan. 14th. midnight....So now is the time to come to the aid of all good musicians and boost them to the top....Special awards will be presented to Sarah Vaughn, Bobby Platter, Ike Quebec, Babs Gonzales and Bill Cook....Dance music by Larue Jordan and a new guest band....Don't be late and get it straight cause things will be really be jumping like mad....Who will be leading vocalist, Betty Drenay, Ann Baxter, or Skippy Williams....Will Redd Foxx top Reese LaRue....Or will Nate Brown, Johnson Lee, tie for first place....Can any drummer top Chink Williams or Danny Gibson....Can Eddie Wright continue to hold the lead, all this and many more questions will be answered at Club Downbeat, Jan. 16th, 1950 at the close of Musicians of Year Contest award nite....

Nite club owners are pinching themselves, hardly believing it's true. Not only was New Years Eve a record breaker, but

the business surge kept on town days after. The T. Bar which open its doors to the show world went mad with songs by Grace Smith....Owl Club's patrons tripping and tipping were Margaret Johnson dimpled, Butts Brown, Dewey Ackis, Bernice Webber, Rosalie Anshrews and Club World Editor Melonee H. Jones, Long John, Edith Scott, Vernon Wilkins and Mary Davison....Piccadilly Club rang out the old with Frank Humphries the giant of Jazz sipping was seen Ann Byone, Mr. Google Eyes, and his love Ida O'Neil Oh! yeah! Bro Kelly was beating the skins....Rambling on through the nite meeting and greeting we stumbled up to Club Bill Cook's Caravan and what a crowd of celebrities, Wini Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Valtrie Williams, Jimmy Wimbley, Anna Mae Hall, Lena Parker, Bob Hart, Doles Dickens Quintette, Arthur Prysock and Buddy Johnson and gay hat check girl Dorothy Jordan a sweetie, least forget Johnny who is a host of hosts....What a nite, Prince Hall jamming with jazz converted

(Continued on page 27)



Camera Record of the New Years Eve.

NEW YEARS EVE On this page, Arthur Prysock of Buddy Johnson's band begins song at ten minutes to midnight. Below, Prysock finishes at midnight. Note crowds in both fotos. Teddy Powell, promoter, won promoters holiday war if crowds were determining factors. Here are over 1200. His rival Al Graham with Dizzie Gillespie drew much less. **NEW YEARS EVE** - - Top of next page Mr. and Mrs. James Duncan of 195 Newark St., celebrate at Laurel Gardens with a kiss at the stroke of midnight. Center next page. Willie Nelson, trumpet and Joe O'Laughlin, sax, membebr of Buddy Johnson's gand are both Newarkers.

Bottom next page: Guests at Alumni House New Years Eve Party gather at the bar. All Fotos by Fred Barnes.



South Jersey Nite Life

REMEMBER THOSE DAYS WHEN

Lawnside Park resounded with the caliope music from a merry-go-round and the barkers of chance-taking concessions. The swimming pool splashed with shapely brownskins from every point in the area and at night, a scantily-clad dancer would obligingly remove coins from the corners of tables. In an artistic manner, that is.

some of the figures of the Trenton nite life scene are still on hand. Among them are Dave Worthy, the master of welcome, who is now doorman of the Citizens Club where he has been manager and bartender in the past. Dory Larimore, now holding top spot there is running for Warden of the Mercer County Jail. Clint Peterson's Lincoln Hotel and Restaurant, during the great days of the band business, a stopping place for many of the name bands of the nation, still rolls on, with Clint still coining dough and riding in a sleek 1949 convertible. The Trenton crowd divide an evening of pleasure between the club operated Tuxedo Club where the restrictions are limited to card holders and the Citizen Club where the same rules prevail. In the Citizens Club, gentlemen may wear their hats, in the Tuxedo, they must be a gentleman in the true sense of the word and remove them. Both places serve the same brands of beverages. Most of the big bands and the popular small combos find Trenton a bonanza stop with the War Memorial building usually filled to capacity. The town missed the old Elk's home dances presented by the late Oscar Laws, far now to give a dance in the same auditorium,

the affair must be for the benefit of the Center. The Center itself recently threw a three-night Mardi Gras that smashed all existing records of attendance and profit, since the big ball when Finley Wilson unveiled the pretentious building after it was erected in the mid-twenties.

Style

(Continued from page 16)

The wide ankle strap is another extreme line which has been losing favors, but the narrow ankle tie is still smart in very dressy shoes.

Leathers - - The most practical and serviceable of all, in spite of the care which must be given it, is suede - - for morning, noon and night. Reptile (lizard, alligator and stimulated snake wear and usually very durable. in calf) are fine for daytime. But they should come off at five o'clock. The suede shoe, on the other hand, may be worn with any costume.

Taking color consideration, general practicality and economy into mind the average girl can be well shod with a pair of good suede pumps, a pair of "spectator" pumps in black and white or brown and white, and one pair of dress-up shoes to go with her formal evening clothes. Black, brown and navy blue are the colors to stick to, with maybe a pair of gray suede pumps or straps to go with the occasional outfit. Stay away from those novelty red and

(Continued on page 31)

Teddy Brannon Trio

By ALICE M. RICHARDS

The thoroughly versed hands of Teddy Brannon moved lightly over the satisfied ivories of the piano as they rendered his special arrangement of "Miserlou" ably assisted by Dickie Thompson, guitarist and Gene Groves, bassist, other members of the Teddy Brannon Trio.

This dynamic trio has been entertaining eager audiences ever since 1947, when they first organized. Teddy has been playing since he was eleven years old. At that time he was living in Linden with his parents, Nettie and Bass Brown. He played in the school bands up until the time he graduated from Linden High School. He first turned professional in 1937 when he joined Gus Young's band the Nest Club. In 1940, being ambitious Ted organized his own company of musicians, but in 1942 he received and accepted the opportunity to work with Benny Carter's Orchestra. They played in Hollywood for 2½ years, making moving pictures and working in various nite spots in that area. Then Teddy returned East on a tour with Benny and worked at Loew's State Theatre in New York. The war brought a change for our hero, for in 1944 he was drafted into the Army. While a soldier he pioneered with several bands.

Upon returning to civilian life, Teddy became a member of Roy Eldridge's Band in Newark. At various times he

has played with such name bands as Don Byas, Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins and John Simmons with great success. He organized his present Trio in 1947, and happily recalls having worked in such spots as the Astoria Ballroom, Ciro's in Montreal, Canada, the Howdy Club and the Piccadilly.

The Teddy Brannon Trio can play almost every kind of modern music; Teddy arranges the numbers. Their renditions of Latin American stylings are impressive. Teddy has studied under Emery Lucas and several other private tutors. Soon there may be two new additions to his Trio, for he has plans to branch out into a quintet in order to produce more and finer entertainment for the appreciative public.

Teddy loves photography and takes quite a few pictures while traveling en-tour. Blue, his favorite color, is featured in much of his clothing in appealing shades. Bachelored to date, Ted someday expects to wed the girl of his choice and have the children he desires so much. He is possessed of a hearty chuckle that is quite contagious and makes those in his presence join whenever he issues one of his witticisms. There is always a feeling of warmth in the air around him, for he breeds good will among his associates.

Musician's Contest

VOCAL GROUPS

Togge Smythe	1000
Dale Dickens	3150
Calypso Serenaders	2000
Bill Goode Quartet	3250
Kerry Four	2650
Four Stars	2800
Ray-O-Vacs	6300
Royal Blue Notes	2300
Realm Riders	4050
Ben Smith	2000
Piccadilly Pipers	4750
Teddy Brannon Trio	1000

ALTO

Danny Quebec	10,900
Coy Shockley	3600
Count Branch	2700
Jimmie Scott	4850
Roy Brock	1700
Johnny Jackson	2400
John Ciles, Jr.	7600

TENOR

Joe Holiday	2650
Henry Durant	10500
Chink Kinney	4650
Hank Mobley	1350
Harold Wilder	1800
Demon	5900
Billy Harris	1750
Togge Smythe	1600
Earl Watson	2050
Willie Wright	1300
Earl Baker	1200

BARITONE

Charlie Shavers	4700
Bobby Jarrett	4250
McIntosh	4500
Billy Harris	7350
Allen Gibbs	1000

TROMBONE

George Cook	2000
Sardi	1100
Howard Scott	7050
Fats Morris	10400
Vernon Kent	1750
Joe Holloway	1300

TRUMPET

Al Armstrong	9250
Billy Ford	5900
Chops	1300
Luther Willis	1000
Duke Fenn	2100
Clarence Miller	1250
Herb Scott	4650
Lou Jones	1500
Prince Jones	1100
Lawrence Tabbs	1150
David McDuffie	1100
James Jones	1000

ARRANGERS

Bob White	1300
Prince Jones	1150
Chink Williams	1150
Luther Willis	1050
Duke Anderson	10300
Lou Jones	1100
Bill Goode	3150
Al Armstrong	3400
Duke Fenn	2250
Gene Kees	2000

(Continued on page 25)

Musician Contest

(Continued from page 24)

PIANO

LaRue Jordan	6000
Lynn Proctor	2050
Joe Crump	2400
Joe Manning	3200
Harold Ford	3000
June Cole	3150
Clarence Miller	2850
Corky Caldwell	2350
Clem Moorman	4250
Duke Anderson	5700
Theodore Cook	3250
Ray McPhearson	1150
Jimmie Tanner	5000
Jimmie Gaston	3150
Nate Anderson	4000
A. Terry	1050

GUITAR

Ernie Ransome	4500
Eddie Wright	14550
Dicky Thompson	5000
James Scott	2450
Willie Johnson	3650
Eddie Blackwell	3650
Beverly Bradley	4050
Al Terrell	1000
Artie Crooks	1000

DRUMS

Bob Milford	2350
Charlie Persip	1150
Chink Williams	9600
Lil Abner	2250
Gus Young	4550
George Edwards	1200
Sam Woodyard	1800
Sandy Percy Batties	1800
Danny Gibson	10000
Milton Hayes	4650
Nick Leluce	2050

Bill Spence	2000
Kenny Washington	3400

MALE VOCALIST

Johnson Lee	6150
Len Davis	1050
Google Eyes	8450
Nate Brown	6350
Lester Harris	3850
Prince Jones	1050
Lloyd Thompson	1350
Larry Darnell	1500
Larry Williams	1100
Bill Goode	1950
Tony Jenkins	3900
Bob Hart	1850
Harold Wilder	1300
Count Branch	1800
Chink Williams	1650
Bonny Hill	1000

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FEMALE VOCALIST
VOCAL GROUPS
ENTERTAINERS

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AFTER HOURS PUBLISHING CO.
130 Wickcliffe St., Newark, N. J.
Contest Editor
TINY PRINCE

Musician's Contest

(continued from page 25)

FEMALE VOCALIST

Betty Drenay	8900
Miss Rhapsody	1100
Flo Wright	8850
Pat Stinson	2000
Elmira LaGrand	3150
Grace Smith	8850
Sadie Styne	5950
Ann Baxter	4450
Mary Jordan	2000
Zanza Larue	2100
Skippy Williams	3700
Bonnie Davis	4500
Queeneila Williams	1000
ENTERTAINERS	
Jimmie Scott	1650

Iron Jaws	3250
Lester Harris	2150
Satch Robinson	2800
Larry Williams	1450
Abe Moore	2900
Reese LaRue	6500
Smoky MacAllister	1300
Red Foxx	5600
Hucklebuckers	2200

BANDS

Marion MacDonald	6050
Canty Alston	8000
Billy Ford	12200
Larry Clark	8100
Pancho Diggs	3000
Don Linton	8050
Johnny Jackson	7000
Brady Hodges	7000
Prince Jones	2100
Gus Young	4500

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\$1.20

Music Master

(Continued from page 14)

at the Kinney Club. He remained with Ringold for about two years then went west, Nebraska, with Nat Toads. Then after a while with Buddy Johnson, Billy came to Newark to play with Gus Young. Motivated by the chance to be able to play as he wished and looking for a new sound he decided to form his own group, which now consists of Benny Robinson, drums; Chop Jones, trumpet; Ronald Andrews, piano; Fats Morris, trombone and Harris on Tenor and Baritone saxes.

FOR YOUR LISTENING PLEASURE:

Those fine piano solos of Joe Manning, one of the Waller's Clique and Toni Jenkins superb vocal renditions at Cafe Society.

Betty Drenay singing "I'll Remember April" with vocal calab from LaRue Jordan and Joe Holliday on "Old Black Magic" paced by Buzzy on bass.

REMEMBER:

Our Musicians Contest closes the 16th with a gala affair at the Club Downbeat, come and see your favorites recive their trophies, and hear them display those talents that made you proclaim them best on their respective instruments. All of the local greats are expected for a real enjoyable affair. Musicians ask for your special tickets at a reduced rate.

Composers and Arrangers: pull out those old tunes you penned and pigeon holed, sharpen up your pencils, get some more manuscript paper and start composing and arranging fast for in the very near future we will announce An Arrangers and Composers Contest with a scholarship in Composing or Arranging as main prize!!

Tiny Prince

(Continued from page 19)

Dizzy, Laurel Garden rocking with Buddy Johnson so says Slick Taylor, Fred Middleton and Edith along withm Eddie and Mildred Mack, Mr. and Mrs. Red Cury's off to New York

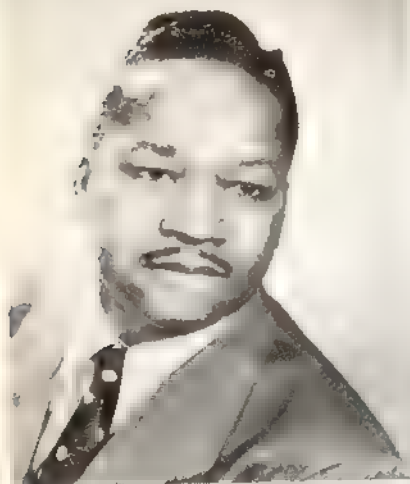
One could never forget the party given by Madw Richards and Ida O'Neil, guest were Henry Durant, that love, girl Chink Williams, Billy Ford and wife, Google Eyes, Herb Smith and so many other frantic fine folks....long down the line in Asbury Park you think Hotel Carvers, bartender Bill Hudson's game dinner venision and pot luck....Incidently Bill is quite a trickster....P. S. Mr. Knuckles is still your Mgr....Out to Tylers you could spot Joe Lockhart, Gloria Butler, Bill Stewart and Evelyn Davis partaking of the old yard bird to you. Until my next spiel I'll let you have the wheel....

FASHION FLASH —

Sammy Cusper, grey stripe D. B. suit, white shirt grey, white figured tie, black shoes, brown overcoat, grey hat and that smile. Ida O'Neil lace of taffet strapless blue black bak, black shoes....Yours truly named nine 49 best dressed women two weeks ago the 10th will be a teen-ager or a very elderly woman perhaps a young grandmother who knows.

The Best Dressed Men

By REBECCA NEWBY



Earnest D. May of 58 Barclay Street, husband of Christine May says his preferred outfit is grey sharkskin suit, maroon tie, white shirt, white hankie in breast, moss grey hat blue top coat, mac-cle tie clasp with his initials engraved, pencilled shape cuff links.

His hobby is bowling, his favorite dish steak. He believes that women should have a hand in the selection of mens clothes if they have very goodtaste, otherwise they should definitely not. In drinks he prefers Seagram's V. O. and scotch. His ambition is to be a successful businessman. His after Hour relaxation is reading.

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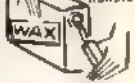
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Baxter Killer

(Continued from page 12)

streets while police radio cars scoured the city.

The spell of tragedy woven around the project from that afternoon until the child's body was found in the incinerator by a maintenance man on the evening of August 6, has never relaxed its frightening grip.

County Physician Harrison Martland, reported the cause of death as strangulation coupled with criminal assault. The project became panicked at the foreboding fact that a sex killer was on the loose and from the date of the gruesome discovery, women hustled home before nightfall and children were herded inside before sunset.

Like all such events, time swallowed up the immediate reaction and as the police investigation ran into a stone wall in seeking a phantom killer, the project residents over the ensuing 24 months, relaxed. But the incident from time to time would be discussed behind closed doors. Some felt that the Sanders slayer might even be one of them.

On the afternoon of October 10, 1947, little 7-year-old Gwendolyn Eltoohey skipped home from school expecting to greet her mother as usual. In a few minutes her screams opened the old wounds of fear that had been etched on the tenants for two years.

Finding the door opened she had walked into a blood-spattered apartment and upon looking in the bathroom saw with horror, the nude body of her mother prone in the bathtub, mutilated and battered. Her two-year-old brother, Mar-

tin Jr., still fastened in his high-chair had in all likelihood witnessed the crime with innocent eyes that will probably never be able to identify the killer.

Even as a neighbor and friend of the slain woman from across the court maintained her composure long enough to dial police, the old fear shrouded Baxter Terrace again, this time falling like a hammer on the tenancy. Silently in the gathering dusk they watched the same detectives march into Apartment 139 2C, almost to a man. The old unsolved 1945 slaying was mentioned in numbed undertones.

This writer and the police saw what little Gwendolyn didn't pause long enough to note. The slayer, after having wreaked his vengeance on the pretty housewife in the two bedrooms and a portion of the living room, had dumped a clothes hamper on the prostrate body. She was evidently still alive when placed in the tub for Dr. Martland's report listed drowning as an associate cause of death.

The crazed assailant had made two stab wounds in the back and one in the neck. Her body and face bore vicious fingernail scratches. The middle forehead had been smashed in, apparently with a blunt instrument. A gash revealed an unsuccessful attempt to slash her throat from ear to ear. The victim's right eye hung from its socket. The killer had seemingly submerged the body in water and pulled the stopper to let the blood flow away.

(Continued on page 32)



Calling All Sports

By JIMMIE PITTS

THEODORE WHITTLE, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Whittle of 44 Princeton Street, East Orange, a graduate of East Orange High where he was a star football player, was picked for the 1948 All State Team and twice picked on the newspaper all-county selections. A lover of music and sports he is a Larry Doby fan.

Jersey Glitter

By DAVIS-CUNNINGHAM-ELMO

The "Kingsmen Social Club" of the Booker T. Washington Project gave a dance over the week-end.

Attending were the "Royalettes" including Nat Borden, Louis Redich, Patricia Stallworth, Betty Hanseron, Donald Johnson, and Celestine Douglas..

Records were played by "Juke Box Charley" alias Charles Lovett. The "Kingsmen" recently gave an affair for the smaller children of the Projects giving them free food, and some swell movies. The Young men who are members of the Kingsmen Social Club are as follows: Pres. Clarence Couch, Vice Pres. John Durham, Sect., Charles Givens, Treas. William Brooks, Business Mgr., and the members are: Cornelius Simms, Wendell Harris, James Ransom, Dunnie Riddick, Howard Malachi, Ray Fowler, Alfred Stokes, Eric McWilliams, Carol Ferguson, Charles Bryant, Arthur Lovett, and Richard Vallion wish to extend their wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you..

The storefront YMCA on Jackson Ave. has been closed for three months and Rudy Wheeler, the exec, has been shifted to Baltimore. A "for rent" sign is on the door and a recent meeting organized by Fred Martin has produced no results in the way of a New YMCA. So all funds collected are drawing interest but, I, for one believe they should be refunded.

Style

(Continued from page 22)

green leathers. Not only are they tiring after a few turns, but they are a poor buy in that they don't clean up like the standard leather shades.

Come summer sandals are the rule if your feet can stand them. But remember, as we said before, unless you have lovely feet to expose, don't go in for the extreme "barefoot" numbers. White shoes are always a good summer buy, but it goes without saying they must be kept white.

A good rule to remember is that only the very good-looking foot looks well in the extremely revealing sandal. Little narrow straps and fancy trimming don't do a thing for the girl with Bunions and Bows.

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Baxter Killer

(Continued from page 29)

The apartment represented mute evidence of the struggle the victim put up for her life. In her bedroom an electric clock was ripped from the wall and hung by its wire. The blue chenille bedspread was twisted and blotched with blood. Crimson was smeared all over the walls in three rooms and perfume bottles and other items were strewn about the floors. The dresser was knocked crosswise away from the wall.

The police investigation again ran the same course in 1945. No one heard any commotion although Baxter Terrace residents all agree that the conversation of next door neighbors comes through the walls clearly and sometimes distinctly. Her husband, Martin Sr., was quickly cleared of implication when he was notified on his job of the tragedy.

While Terrace residents drew even tighter, the cloak of dreaded apprehension about them, police soon learned that the dead woman had, during her husband's absence in the armed forces, been engaged in several amorous affairs. Three of her wartime male friends were found living in the Terrace, two directly downstairs and another in No. 137, where ironically Rochai Sanders body had been found two years before!

Under sever grilling the alibis of all three stood up. One was beyond the point of his legal rights. The police couldn't plant a charge of murder that would hold prosecution. All three admitted relationships with the pretty maetron and

police reported that the trio had at various times exhibited physical force against her.

From among the violently upset furnishings, stains and general disorder of the apartment, police found no fingerprints, weapons or clues that every murderer leaves behind. Motives petered out into infinity, and Baxter tenants, felt sure that the phantom finger of death had touched again.

So there is not yet any way of knowing whether the same fiend of 1945 struck the Terrace again and once more, this time with out relaxation, the doors of the project are carefully secured and no one is admitted without first identifying themselves.

The police of Newark and the county detectives occasionally run down a new and remote lead, but none have materialized into a tangible clue. Within the past month county detectives stated that they are following a lead that the killer may have been a woman.

From a review of the crime, the latter bears weight. Is it not the earmarks of feminine wrath to employ the use of fingernails? And is it not likely that the assailant met his or her match in the furious battle that was evident? Would the superior strength of a man been unable to quickly subdue the mere wisp of a woman weighing around 115 pounds?

At any rate the tenants of Baxter Terrace would like to know the answers and above all they would be happy to know that either one, or both of the phantom killers had been removed from society.

Road by the River

(What Has Happened: The writer, by a ruse, escapes the Death House at the Prison, meets beautiful copper-skinned Modestine, wins her to his aid in the plan to establish his innocence, and flees with her to her family's cabin on the Delaware River. But as they prepare to eat a late snack, the bright beams from the police launch flood the cabin room).

CHAPTER III

By LOUIS GEORGE

The police launch was anchored at the shore of the moonlight-tinted Delaware as I looked out the window. Now I saw an officer leaping onto the shore and striding toward the cabin. I whirled around and found Modestine's eyes fixed on mine. So close had we become in understanding that no needed exchange of words. Our eyes told each other what we planned to do.

We had decided to brazen it out.

I still had on my bop glasses. I had on citizens' clothes. I really doubted if this patrol would recognize me. So we sat down at the little table where Modestine had spread our lunch. Just then the cop pounded on the door. Modestine gave me one wild look, of fear, then answered the knock.

"Excuse me," said the tall uniformed cop. "May I come in?"

I immediately thought this was a strange courtesy for a Trenton cop. Their vile deeds against members of my race were well known. But I was soon to know why.

"We saw your light," the cop continued. "We thought it unusual at this

time. Is your father here?"

Now the cop was staring fixedly at me. I stared back at him with a look of inquiry on my face.

"My father's not here." Modestine answered bravely. She looked at me and a slow flush crept over the copper skin. "This is my - - husband," she said.

The cop now relaxed a little. He even took his hat off. However, he still studied me frequently.

"Newlyweds?" the cop asked.

Modestine easily carried out the role of the modest bride. Her skin maintained its crimson flush. She seemed nervous.

Then she looked defiantly at the cop.

"Our honeymoon," she explained. "We left my family in New York."

"Well" the cop said "congratulations". He backed out, then paused. "Some of the big houses up the line have been bothered by thieves. We were just checking up in the area."

I felt a little relieved at this. Then the cop asked me:

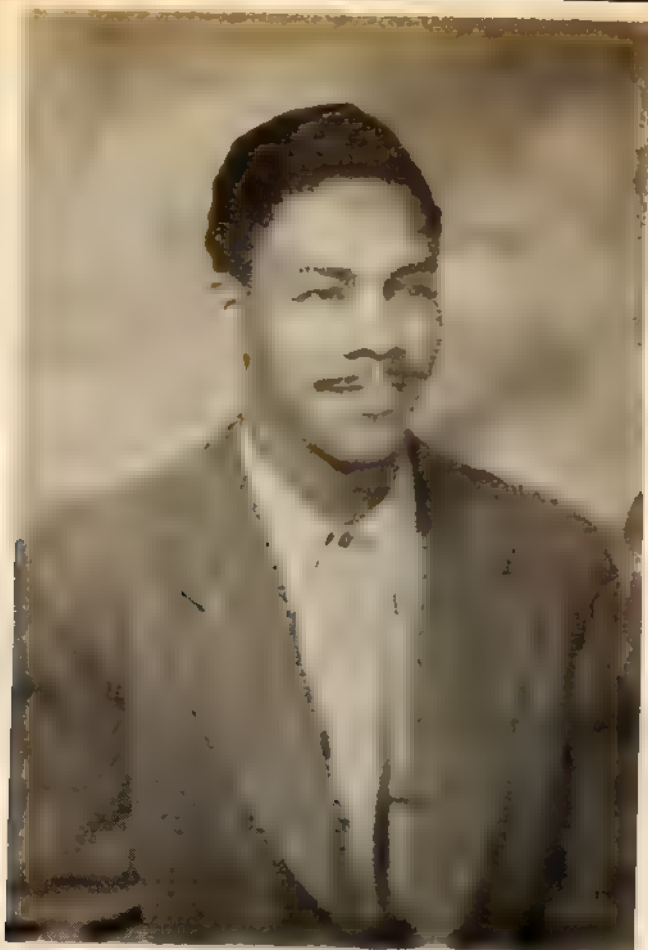
"You from New York?"

"No, right here."

"Native?" He was sizing me up and down.

"I was born not far from the Prison," I lied. It was just as well to see what he knew.

(Continued on page 35)



10 MOST ELIGIBLE MEN

NO. 9—PRESTON McCALL of 298 Morris Avenue, artists and photographer, psychiatric aide at VA, likes horseback riding, skating and baseball as hobbies, is graduate of Arts High and Federal Art College of Minneapolis, was in Army Air Corps during the war.

Of women he says he prefers the efficient career girl who is also an adept home keeper.

Road by the River

(Continued from page 33)

He showed no surprise: "Funny thing," he said, "a colored boy escaped the death house tonight. First time. They'll get him, though."

"How did he do it?" I pursued.

The cop laughed a little. "One of the chaplains looked like him, a colored preacher named Jennings. Guy slugged him and had the nerve to officiate in an execution and then walk out, as if he were the chaplain."

I shook my head.

"Some nerve," I said. The cop still studied me.

"Funny thing," he said. "Both guys resembled you."

But his question did not worry me too much. I had long since figured out my answer.

"Could be," I said. "We are related to the Jennings family, cousins or something. I see Rev. Jennings every time I get in Newark."

But the cop still lingered. It was Modestine who sensed what was wrong.

"Have a sandwich before you go," she said gayly.

The cop's attention left me. He smiled again.

"Don't care if I do" he said. "And if you got plenty I'll take my pals one."

Modestine almost gave herself away by the dispatch with which she wrapped napkins around a half dozen sandwiches and handed them to the cop.

With one glance toward me he was

gone. We both sighed our relief, but did not move from where we were until the loud sound of the launch chugging away could be heard.

Modestine was in my arms before I could say a word. She looked up at me and I saw tears of relief glisten in her eyes.

"You were wonderful, Louis" she breathed.

I looked down in the ebony pools which were her eyes and wondered if life this great could ever last very long. I forgot our recent risk, forgot the months in the cell next to the death house, forgot all the trouble of all the years in that moment.

After our lips had been satiated we attacked the food. But now with the temporary surcease from risk I knew I could never remain here. I would have to get into Burlington someday and try to find the girl whose word might clear me. I thought I may as well make the best of this too comfortable situation before we retired for the night.

"I'll need money," I told her. We had reached such an understanding that we only needed express the last part of each other's thoughts.

For answer she found her pocket-book, seized some bills and handed them to me. I glanced at them and judged they totalled about fifty dollars.

(Continued on page 37)

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Road by The River

(Continued from page 35)

"There's no need saying I'll pay this back soon," I told her. "But if I win you win."

"It's all right, Louis."

I saw she was tired. At this point in the past I was always rather brutal. But not with Modestine. I decided to be casual.

"Well" I said starting to remove my shirt. "We may as well make it a real honeymoon."

Here again few words were needed. After the lights were out it was still light because the moonlight flooded the room. It came through the net curtains at the little windows in pools on the floor. The last thing I remember was her final sigh and the little room gilded by the light of the moon and the near distant ripple of the river.

The next thing that reached my conscious self was the pounding of rain against the cabin. Sheets of it were cascading through the open windows and I jumped up to close them. Outside there was a sordid, gray dawn breaking. I looked around at sleeping Modestine, but she was still dead to the world. I knew I ought to wait and fix breakfast and talk to her once more before I left. But no matter what it was, I was always a man of action. If something had to be done I would do it forthwith.

I slipped into my clothes. I grabbed one of the sandwiches left from the night before. I found an old oilskin in a closet and put it on. I looked once more at sleeping Modestine, moved over toward her to kiss her goodbye, but stopped. It would only wake her.

I quickly slipped out the door and headed toward the road by the river. I did not look back. The rain slashed about me and soon I was being chilled by it. But I plodded on through the mud at the road and dreamed of Modestine back there - - what she would do when she awakened, when I should see her again. The dream helped the time slide by.

Soon I was headed toward the road on which the Burlington bus ran. I looked a sight, muddy and wet and with my crushed bop hat and my glasses. I hoped this was in my favor. Soon the bus came along and I boarded it.

I moved into a seat in the rear and tried to look insignificant.

There was a newspaper in the seat, looking fresh enough to be this mornings. It was the "Trenton Times."

I unfolded it to the front page.

There was myself staring up at me.

(Continued next week)

What's Happening?

- Jan 14: Scotch Plains Hunting & Fishing Club Dance - Club Harold
Wedding Reception & Dance - King Hiram
8th Club Dance - Masonic Temple
- Jan 15: Musical Bldg. Fund Committee - Masonic Temple
Daguettes A. A. Dance - Masonic Temple
- Jan 18: Gesimanie Baptist Church Dinner - King Hiram
- Jan 21: Social Club Dance - Lloyd's
Suburban Queens Formal - King Hiram
Old Timers Charity Dance - Newark Armory
- Jan 23: Be Bop Nite - Lloyd's
- Jan 28: Horatius Green Show & Dance - Lloyd's
Go Getters Dance - Masonic American Legion Dance - Club Harold
The Women's Formal - King Hiram
- Feb 4: Calypsonian Dance - Club Harold
Buddy Snell - Masonic
- Feb 5: Boosters Committee Cocktail Sip - King Hiram's
- Feb 11: St. Paul Alumni Dance - King Hiram
Mod. Beauticians Dance - Club Harold
Les Femmes S. C. Dance - Masonic
7th Dist. Dance - Masonic
- Feb 18: Buddy Snell Public Dance - Lloyd's
Temple Bar-B-Q - Masonic
Club Esquire - Club Harold
Iota Phil Lamba Sarr. - Masonic
- Feb 21: The Frogs - Masonic
- Feb 25: Coteria S. C. Dance - Masonic
Gentlemen's Limited - Club Harold
Sons of Georgia Dance - King Hiram's
- Feb 26: Bethany Chap. O. E. S. Tea - Masonic

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